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"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, Editor.

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TERMS

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THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived, in the year 1755—and of an old man, whose daughter was delectable, by universal consent, to be the lowliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been a athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his boast, where he always wore them, could show the adoration of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was a beauty, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One bright evening, a father, a fine person—an other, this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who held her to be a by-word for his obstinacy. The young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length, the twentieth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as a noble and noble as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of her country to a breakfast table. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came to make hay, but also to make love to the girl. Annette, in three hours had filled the father's barn with twenty dried grasses, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's consent, had had the right to the malt liquor of her own wine, which she presented to each engaged youth with her own fair hands.

"Twenty boys," said the old keeper of the well they all loved, as leaning on the patch for the evening. "Now, my lady, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now you see, I don't care any thing about money or talents, but I want to see a man who can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want to marry a man of my own grade. Now, you know, I ought to know, when I was a young man, I could beat any thing that was put in the way of me. I had my own way of beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath and sworn, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. I can stand in boys. The old green, and the old Annette," he added taking his hand on the shoulder of a young man, "you village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette, with a jest, his youthful ardour rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger. "He is the bride of him who out-leaps Henry Carroll if you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no wife in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial!"

The young girl gazed upon the trembling maiden about to be offered to the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania with an admiring eye. The girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it, tighter around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet one inch!" shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true parents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled; while he hated him for his success.

Harry also laughed and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. He was a rattle-brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk and laugh and romp with Annette, but some marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he was sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half—Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!" cried the crowd good humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his cold temper, rather than his legs. Charley however, in the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared by his feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this, and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he stepped forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half! Harry Carroll for ever. Annette and Harry!" Hands, caps and banners were waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man in a military undress frock coat who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while a contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, with a knowing eye, measured deliberately the space accomplished by the first leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His hands on his face and easy dress attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, my stranger, you think you can beat that," said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the area. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, as there a prize for the winner?"

Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Are ye his son to all?"

"Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me Colonel—must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I love."

"The recognition with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader."

General Washington was indeed the handsome young leaper whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditional, and whose claim to a substantial body of bona fide flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Col. Carroll.

The following interesting article from the North American Review for October, gives a glowing description of the condition of the laboring classes in Europe, in regard to the rates of wages, the burden of taxation, means of subsistence, the facilities of education, and the share, if any, which these classes have in the Government. It ought to inspire every citizen of this free and happy Republic to guard with constant vigilance against any encroachments on the institutions which guarantee to us the blessings of which our brethren beyond the seas are destitute.

In Norway, the ordinary food of the peasantry is bread and gruel, both prepared of oat meal, with an occasional mixture of dried fish. Meat is a luxury which they rarely enjoy.

In Sweden the dress of the peasantry is described by law. Their food consists of hard bread, dried fish, and gruel without meat.

In Denmark the peasantry are still held in bondage, and are bought and sold together with the land on which they labor.

In Russia the bondage of the peasantry is even more complete than it is in Denmark. The nobles own all the land in the empire, and the peasantry who reside upon it are transferred with the estate.

A great majority have only cottages, one portion of which is occupied by the family, while the other is appropriated to domestic animals. Few, if any have beds—but sleep

upon bare boards, or upon parts of the immense stoves by which their houses are warmed. Their food consists of black bread, cabbage, and other vegetables, without the addition of any butter.

In Poland the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are slaves. A recent traveller says: "I have travelled in every direction and never saw a wheaten loaf to the eastward of the Rhine, in any part of Northern Germany, Poland or Denmark. The common food of the peasantry of Poland, the working men, is cabbage, and potatoes, sometimes, but not generally, black bread and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat."

In Austria the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are compelled to work for their masters during every day except Sunday. The cultivators of the soil are in a state of bondage.

In Hungary their state is, if possible, still worse. The nobles own the land, do not work, and pay no taxes. The laboring class are obliged to repair all the high-ways and bridges, are liable at any time to have soldiers quartered upon them, and are compelled to pay one tenth of the produce to the Church, and one tenth to the lord whose land they occupy.

Of the people of France, seven and a half millions do not eat wheat or wheat bread. They live upon barley, rye, buckwheat, chestnuts, and a few potatoes.

The common wages of a hired laborer in France, \$37 50 for a man and \$1 75 for a woman annually. The taxes upon them are equal to one fifth of its net produce.

In 1871, there were 700,000 houses in Ireland. Of these, 11,000 were occupied by paupers; and more than 500,000 had no hearth. The average wages of a laborer, is from nine and a half to eleven cents a day.

Among the laboring class of the industrious Scotch meat except on Sundays, is rarely used.

In England the price of labor varies; the Noingham stocking weavers, as sent by them in a public address, after working from 14 to 16 hours per day, only earned from four to five shillings a week, and were obliged to subsist on bread and water or potatoes and salt.

AN ASSORTMENT.—OF BURLINGTON, was noted for keeping in his store the most ingenious assortment ever offered for sale. A wag once bet with a friend that he would enquire for some nick-nack, which Jenny could not supply. The bet was clinched, and the two proceeded to the shop of the old antiquarian.

"Friend S—," said he, "I have you on hand a second hand pig-pit?" "Yes, sir," replied the unsuspecting shop-keeper without the least idea of there being any thing uncommon in the question—"Yes, sir, I bought one yesterday from the trustees of the Methodist Church, who are fixing up the interior of the meeting-house."

to saving, he shewed them to the barn, where the curious article of trade had been deposited. The winner laughed—the loser bit his lip, and paid the wager, while Jenny's character for keeping an assortment of goods became more firmly established.

A man has been sentenced in the Circuit Court for this District to the Penitentiary for stealing a ham of bacon a coat!! (his father's) and the carcass of a turkey!!!—all in the Christmas holidays—His father is at present an occupant of the "Public Boarding House," as that eye sore to vagrants and loose principled gentlemen, the Penitentiary, is called, and the learned counsel for the prisoner, argued, that the son did not steal the coat, because his father, being a prisoner, was dead in the law, he being alive in the Penitentiary, and his eldest born was heir to his estate. The United States District Attorney, admitted the ingenuity of the opposing counsel, but hoped he would throw no impediment in the way of the prisoner, but would allow him to take quiet possession of the cell, soon to be vacated by his respectable progenitor, whose term of public service would soon expire. This epicurean genius will in consequence, have to undergo some dreary culinary privations in his new residence.—Metropolitan.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY AT POMPEII.—The richest treasure of the kind that has yet been found in Pompeii, was discovered on the 13th October last. It consisted of sixty-four silver vessels, comprising a table service composed of the following pieces: One dish, with two handsomely ornamented handles, one palm and one inch in diameter. One vase, ornamented in alto relievo, with grapes and vine leaves, very highly wrought five inches in height and six in diameter at the top. Two vases, (goblet form) half a palm high, and the same in diameter, ornamented with animate! bacchic and anepicurean representations, in the finest basso and alto relievo—on one of the vases is a young Bacchus riding on a panther, and on the other he is represented sitting on an ox—there are, besides, many other figures and attributes.

There are also twelve plates, each with two beautifully executed handles. The four largest plates are eight inches, the next seven and a half, and the four smallest seven inches in diameter. Sixteen cups, or small soup tureens, of which each four are similar.

These, also, are furnished with handles. The larger ones measure five and a half, and the smaller cups four inches in diameter. Four small moulds for pastry, each two and a half inches in diameter; four small vessels, each having three feet, somewhat resembling our salt cellars, and three inches in diameter; eight gilded dishes, four of which measure five inches at the upper ridge, and the others, three and a half in diameter; one fine vase, with a handle in the form of an amphora, ten and a half inches high, and four inches in diameter at the mouth two very small stew pans, with tastefully ornamented handles, five inches in diameter, and two and a half high; one spoon, with a highly wrought handle, three inches in diameter; one mirror, in the form of a patera, with a perpendicular handle, eight inches in diameter; two spoons and five ligatures, (spoons and forks in one piece)

This discovery is the richest treasure of the kind that has yet been met with in Pompeii, and all the vessels are in excellent preservation. A table napkin was found between two of the plates.

A MOST IMPORTANT INVENTION.—The annexed account of the invention of a new application of power to produce motion of a most effective character, will be better understood and the value of the invention more fully appreciated by adding some information verbally given by Mr. Haslam.

The motion is effected by the vibration of a heavy pendulum, which receives its impulse from a moderate and continuous exertion of human force, and operates alternately on the pistons of the two cylinders, which in their motion produce equally in each direction of the pendulum the hydrostatic pressure by the use of water or some equally incompressible fluid acting upon confined air.

Should the effect produced by this invention be such as is described and as so small an expense proportioned to the magnitude of the power, the changes that will be effected, the benefits that will be derived from the use of so valuable a discovery, will exceed even those which have resulted from the use of steam.

We learn, indeed, from Mr. Haslam that one of the effects produced in Pittsburg by witnessing the operation of the machine constructed there, was the countermand of an order for the construction of one of more steam engines.—Baltimore, Md. From the Farmer and Gardener. A NEW MOTIVE POWER. Baltimore, Md. Mr. Robert's.—When I stated to you the fact of an intimate acquaintance with a man having constructed a machine of unparalleled propelling power on the hydrostatic principle, you were so pleased with the account as to request your periodical, with that request I fully comply.

The inventor of this wonderful useful machine is Mr. T. Cephalus Corby, an eminent veterinarian—a native of Scotland, and now residing in Pittsburg, Pa., who, while practicing his profession, has for the last seven years employed his leisure hours on this important subject, and has now the satisfaction of seeing his plan carried by having constructed one of twelve horse power, which comes fully up to his most sanguine expectations.

This machine he calls Corby's Hydrostatic Propelling Machine. In its construction it is too simple to admit of improvement, and as no steam nor heat of any kind is used in its operation, there can be no explosion, therefore in its use life is safe, and should any part break, it is by its simple construction, admissible of speedy repair.

It is applicable to the plough, and all propelling purposes, and as such must supersede the use of steam. A machine of 500 horse power can be worked by one man, and neither its weight nor the room required, will be more than one-tenth of the steam engine.

We of the present age, entered on a new era when Fulton brought his extended scheme in the application of steam to the propelling of boats on water, in which smoke and vapour supplied the place of canvas. The same age is now bringing forth another era in a more useful and extended scale of operation in this discovery of my friend, who is a philosopher and philanthropist in every sense of the terms.

Although our profession has for several years made us ultimately acquainted, visiting each other, and conversing freely, for mutual benefit in our profession—yet, true philosopher like, he never intimates to me that he was studying the subject, until on his way to Washington, he called on me and showed me the model, which is now in the Patent Office.

With my respects,
I am yours truly,
JOHN HASLAM.

The inventor is fully the impression that a plough constructed on the principles of his machine, will be competent to plough one hundred acres of ground in a day.

How TO COMMIT MURDER.—Take a pretty young lady—tell her she has a pretty foot—she will wear a small shoe—go out in wet spring weather—catch a cold—then a fever—and die in a month. This receipt never fails.

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